Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip. *Enter* Bianca.
Bian. Saue you friend *Caſsio*.
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt faire *Bianca*?
Indeed ſweet loue I was comming to your houſe.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Caſsio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? ſeuen daies and nights,
Eightſcore eight houres, and louers abſent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightſcore times,
Oh weary reckoning.
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweet *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bia. Oh *Caſsio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend
To the felt abſence, now I feele a cauſe,
I'ſt come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghelles in the deuills teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance,
No in good troth *Bianca*.
Bia. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not ſweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will; I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bia. Leaue you, wherefore?
Caſ. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To haue him ſee me woman'd.
Bia. Why I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I loue you not.
Bia. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night.

Caſ.

Caſ. Tis but a little way that I can
For I attend here, but Ile ſee you ſoon
Bia. Tis very good, I muſt be circ

Actus 4. *Scœ*

Enter Iago *and* Oth

Iag. VVIll you thinke ſo?
Oth. Thinke ſo *Iag*
Iag. What, to kiſſe in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe.
Iag. Or to be naked with her frie
An houre, or more, not meaning any
Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not me
It is hipocriſie againſt the deuill:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet
The deuill their vertue tempts, and th
Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a v
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe,
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, a
She may, I thinke, beſtow't on any ma
Oth. She is protectreſſe of her hon
May ſhe giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's
They haue it very oft, that haue it not
But for the handkerchiefe.
Oth. By heauen, I would moſt gla
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes ore my memo
As doth the Rauen o're the infected h
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchi
Iag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What If I had ſaid I had ſeen h
Or heard him ſay, (as knaues be ſuch
Who hauing by their owne importu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.